# The World of Letters As Others See It



Fabre's Garden.

BUT whether under the strong Midi sun or in the drench and glitter of early morning or at evening twilight, it is the garden itself which most subtly charms senses and imagination. It is to the garden that one returns most gladly. for here, probably more than anywhere else in his ninety-three years of life, Fabre the full joy of creative expression and illuminative response. One walks it with a sense of sharing his delight in its beauty and, thanks to his interpretations, of sharing also some vision of the mys-teries it harbors. Its brilliant mosaic of blossom, its myriad chorus of insect and bird song, all gain new meaning from his genius in translation; for he was a naturalist, not an entomologist merely .- From "Henri Fabre's Home and Garden," Charles Buxton Going in the Century.

E. V. Lucas.
V. LUCAS always reminds me of
Kipling's "cat that walked by itself." He knows everybody, but I have often wondered whether anybody really self." knows him. He is an amazingly busy man—the assistant editor of Punch, the literary director of Methuen's, the writer of almost countless charming and distinguished essays, to say nothing of nov-els and travel books. As a writer he has the appealing urbanity of Charles Lamb, of whom he has written far and away the best biography in the language. But I do not think that there is much of Lamb's urbanity in E. V. Lucas the man, the gentle voiced, modern, rather weary man of the world. The humor of the Lucas essays is sunny and kindly. The humor of Lucas himself is cynically tolerant .-By Sidney Dark in John o' London's Weeklu.

#### Pepys's Diary.

I HAVE recently been asked sundry questions about Samuel Pepys's famous diary. This was written in cipher and covers but a short period of Pepys's life-from 1659 to 1669. Pepys left the manuscript, with his library, to Magda-lene College, Cambridge, and there the six bound volumes of cipher remained untouched until, in 1819, the Rev. John Smith undertook to decipher them. He tells us that he worked for three years at the task, "usually for twelve and four-teen hours a day, with frequent wakeful nights." A portion of the transcript was published by Lord Braybrooke in two volumes in 1825, and four editions of the book appeared between then and 1854. Since then, being out of copyright; it has been reprinted by many firms. But in none of these editions is more than half the manuscript printed.—By C. K. S. in the London Sphere.

#### The Fight in "Penrod."

A FTER the bludgy, defeated Rupe is chased screaming down the alley by the equally bludgy but victorious and elated Herman and Verman, after justice seems to have succeeded and truth crushed to earth appears to have risen again, Penrod and his friend Sam bid each other good night in a feeble, tentative manner and without oral comment on the scene. Penrod returns home, and spontaneously voluntarily blacks his father's boots. The spell is broken forever. "Penrod was zigzagging back to normal." The description of this hand to hand conflict between Rupe and Herman and Verman constitutes one of the and Charlotte all sat up together string-lods most unique and stimulating delineations ing beans until the clock struck 12, lly.

of a fight that American fiction can offer. Except the fight in Cashel Byron and Hazlitt's famous essay I cannot think of any-thing else in the language to compare fitly with this tale of fisticuffs. Its last touch has something quite beyond the finales of Mr. Shaw's or Hazlitt's capital pieces. Another composer than Mr. Tarkington might have ended on the mere successful outcome of the fight or the shout of triumphant justice. But he follows the air of the music of real life further, and ends on a turn of existence appears to me more subtly discerned.—From "Booth Tarkington; the Seven Ages of Man." By Edith Franklin Wyatt in the North American Review.

#### An Unpublished Hudson MS.

R EADERS all over the world will hail as good news the fact that Mr. W. H. Hudson left a book in manuscript, complete but for a few paragraphs at the end of the last chapter, a rough draft of which will almost certainly be found among the matter which he left referring to the book. Those who had the happiness and the honor of friendship with Mr. Hudson will feel that the title chosen by him, "The Hind in Richmond Park, both evokes his personality and in a sense recalls his delightful whimsical conversation. The book is a meditative ramble through all kinds of byways both in nature and in art .- From the London

### Hauptmann's Characters.

HAUPTMANN'S characters have an organic justification. They grow as plants grow, or as the sound of a sea shell, which comes to our ears on the waves of the air, swells on and dies out; but in the depths of our heart we hear it eternally long after it has been swallowed up by the roar of the universe Thus do the people grow whom the magic touch of this poet has brought into life; thus do they grow into death. He does not kill them by chance. They simply depart; depart when their soul has been used up. To ashes, to earth, to leaf, to rind. Thus Pippa, departing like a dying ray of the sun, fades out before the eyes of old Wann, whom Hauptmann has set apart from the current of events, and who, lost in enigmatical contemplation, abides patiently; a humble, lofty nature who in the whirring of insect wings hears the breathing of the spheres .- From "The Women of Gerhart Hauptmann" in the Freeman.

# Goethe's "Charlotte."

CHARLOTTE was 22 and the daughter of Herr Buff, steward of the Teutonic Order and the father of sixteen, most of them Charlotte's juniors. She was betrothed to Johann Christian Kestsecretary to the ducal legation Bremen. Kestner, who had made Goethe's acquaintance in the town, being detained by business one day when he had promised to take Charlotte to a ball, deputed him to act as escort on his behalf; and that is where the bread and butter (or rather the bread) comes into the story.— From "The Real Werther" in John o' London's Weekly.

#### When Goethe Kissed.

IN her domestic capacity she set him to and he asked no better occupation. On the eve of his birthday he and Kestner ushering in the birthday. Throughout the whole of the courtship hardly any-thing more thrilling than the stringing of beans occurred. Only once, it appears did Goethe kiss her. She raised no objection at the time; but she afterward con fessed her weakness to Kestner, and agreed with him that the indiscretion must be punished. "Accordingly, on the fourteenth, in the evening," runs Kestner's diary, "when Goethe, returning from a walk, came up to the house, he was treated indifferently and soon went away. -From "The Real Werther" in John o' London's Weekly.

#### Thackeray's Version.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte Yould you know how first he met her? She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady, And a moral man was Werther, And for all the wealth of Indies Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled And his passion boiled and bubbled, Till he blew his silly brains out And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body Borne before her on a shutter, Like a well conducted person Went on cutting bread and butter.

"The Sorrows of Werther." By W. M. Thackeray.

# The Unfathomable Negro.

T HE negro himself as the irony of American civilization is the supreme challenge to American literature. Like Banquo's ghost he will not down. All faith and hope, all love and longing, all rapture and despair look out from the eyes of this man who is ever with us and whom we never understand. Gentle as a child, he has also the strength of Hercules. The more we think we know him the more unfathomable he is. No wonder a well known Senator who maligned the negro felt that he was paralyzed because the race prayed that God might afflict him. No wonder is it that, submerged and enthralled, the negro still rises from the depths to cast by his magic an irresistible spell over the American mind.—From "The Negro in American Literature." By Benjamin Brawley in the

#### Mark Twain and the Ticking Clock.

M ARK TWAIN passed middle life without music meaning more to him than a pretty tune or a prodigious performance, a rather remarkable fact when one considers what an artist the man was in his own field. If Mark Twain had been stone deaf the fact might have been less remarkable, but we have al-ready noted that he could play the pians sufficiently well by ear to provide his accompaniments for the negro spirituals. and it is of further record that he was a man so singularly sensitive to certain sounds that they sometimes drove him to the borders of hysteria. Mr. Paine has touched slightly on this peculiarity, but it was actually a more serious considera-tion in estimating the humorist's life than the authorized biography would lead one to believe. He relates the incident of the clocks in the home of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, when Twain and George W. Cable, in the course of a reading tour, lodged for the night with the Nast fam-

the ticking of a clock so tortured Twain's nerves that he took high handed means to silence it.—From "Mark Twain and Music." By Ralph Holmes in the Century.

#### Future Options.

S OMETIMES, indeed, a publisher "signs o up" with an author for an option on so many of his books to come as the next ten. There have even been cases wherein an author has agreed to give his publisher the first examination of all his work for the rest of his life. The meaning of this arrangement is that the publisher is at liberty to decline any book that the author may submit to him, after which decision the author is at liberty to place the book elsewhere; but the author is obligated to continue to submit first to this publisher anything else that Instances have occurred where the publisher has agreed to take anything and everything that an author does. "But," said an author in one such case, some utterly punk stuff." "Then," replied the publisher, "I'd be sorry, for your sake as well as my own, but I'd publish the book."—From "The Practical Side of Weitten." But be book of the publish the book."—From "The Practical Side of Weitten." But below to the Medical Side of the Med By Robert Cortes Holliday in Writing." the Bookman.

## Dramatizing"A Retrieved Reformation."

TYLER sent for Paul Armstrong, a wise old artisan of the theater, who could be counted on to turn the story into a play without spilling anything, and who could also be expected to do it quickly, as he too was probably without funds. Armstrong read the story, agreed to try his hand at it and vanished. It turned out later that he had been locked up in a room at the Hotel Algonquin, but for a week there was no signal from him and it was upon an impresario fuming with impatience and uneasiness that he sauntered nonchalantly in at the end of that week. Tyler launched at once on a burning speech, in which he gave his opin-ion of Broadway as a habitat for men who thought they were playwrights, his opin-ion of the faithless and the irresponsible denizens of that territory, and his opinion of his own bitter and thankless job. which, he said, he was minded to forsake then and there in favor of farming. Which oration Armstrong interrupted by producing from his ulster the completed four act mauscript of a melodrama, the first of the crook plays, "Alias Jimmy Valentine."-From "O. Henry, Dramatist." By Alexander Woollcott in the Bookman

#### Freud.

TWENTY years ago Dr. Freud was the same kind of interesting and inconspicuous private citizen as Rudolf Kassner or Karl Eugen Neumann-and all three men, by the way, are of similar age. He was essentially the same then as now; there was living in him an intuition which gave him the key to a great maze of the most secret and silenced processes operating not only in the individual but in the community as well. No one had ever before held this key in his hand with such awareness—with the exception of the poets. But the poets—who have held this key firmly and at all times—were prevented from using it except as something priestly, veiled and esoteric.
As to Dr. Freud, with the boldness and
the fanatical zeal of an inventor and a
discoverer he has made a far reaching ed for the night with the Nast fam-But that was not the only time that By Hugo von Hofmannsthal in the Dial.